



WHEN DUTY CALLS.
THE SPARTAN MOTHER.—Go, my boy!



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Cartoons and Comments

A HARD JOB WELL DONE.

PRESIDENT WILSON set out to get a definite result and he got it. That is the story of the UNDERWOOD-SIMMONS tariff bill. The Democratic Party, through WILSON, made certain campaign pledges, and those pledges were embodied in a bill and are now to be enacted into law. With the exception of the MULHALL exposure, there were no fireworks incidental to the process. All was steady, sober progress toward a definite goal, but because the fur did not fly, nor the air resound with the clash of combat, it should not be assumed that getting a tariff bill through Congress was less of a job than people had been led to believe. President WILSON's way of doing things minimized the spectacular possibilities. At the outset he made it plain that the Democratic Party in both houses of Congress was committed solemnly to an honest revision of the tariff, and in a relentless spotlight of this sort dodging the issue was difficult even if the disposition was there. It has been said that WILSON accomplished without the use of the Big Stick more than ROOSEVELT did with it, and yet all through the framing of the tariff bill there was a feeling among the President's friends that he held something in reserve; that, if forced to, he could use the Big Stick quite as effectually as its original owner did. That the bill passed without the aid of club-swinging, or publicly uttered threats, speaks well for the President's right to lead his party. How puerile and silly appears the campaign claptrap that WILSON would never do as President because he was "a mere

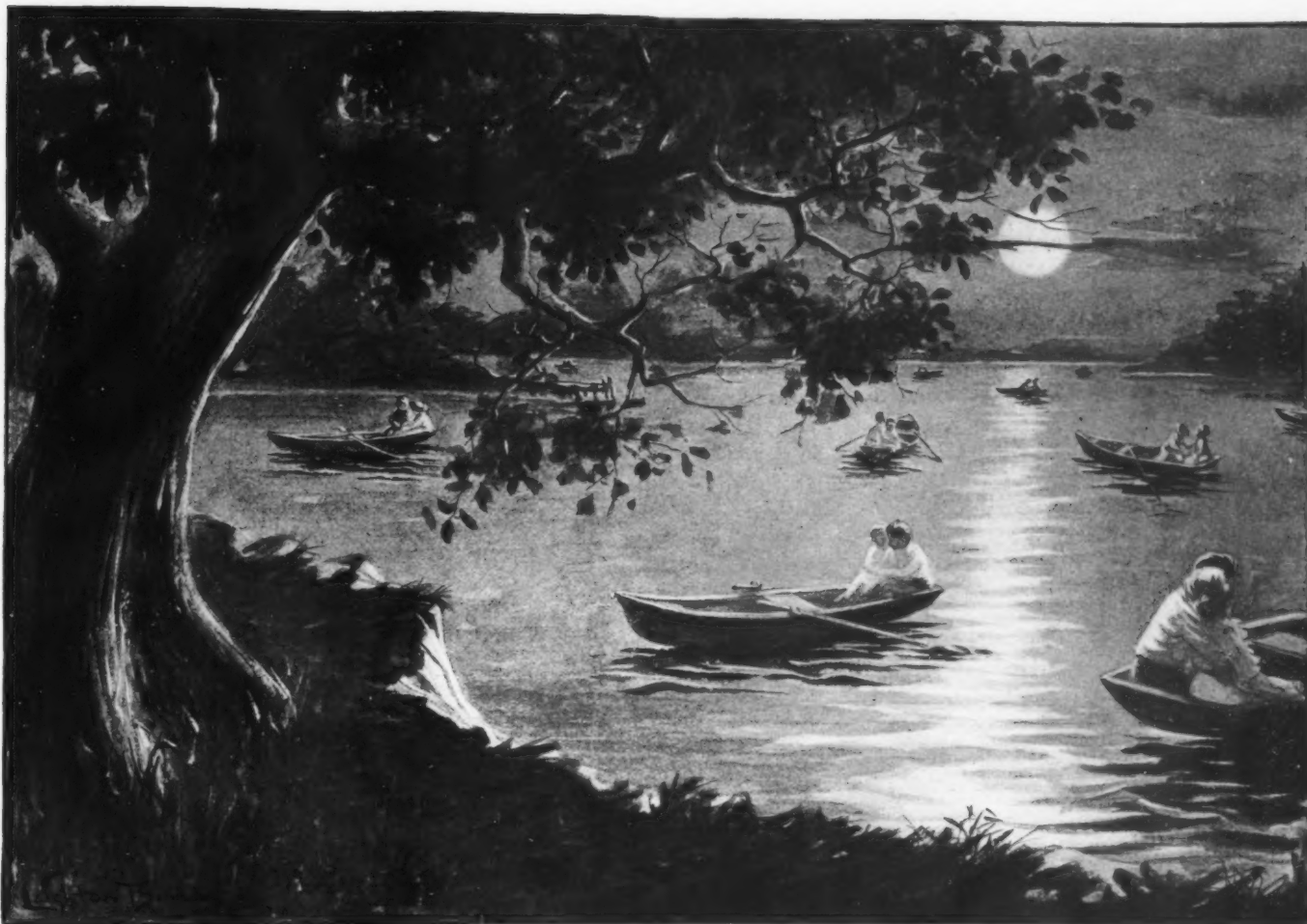
theorist in the art of government;" that he was "a schoolmaster." Heaven send us a few more schoolmasters for our public offices, especially where learning, tact, force, and a high sense of duty are desirable!

MR. BRYAN, unless the newspapers misinform us, is a bit upset at the way Europe regards his Chautauqua amblings. Criticism in this country, he figures, comes wholly from "the

Tory press," which has always been opposed to him, but the savage thrusts of European critics seem to have penetrated deep into the Secretary's flesh and caused him to squirm some. It is but fair to Mr. BRYAN to say, however, that European criticism should be discounted. They have n't any Chautauqua circuits over there, and they don't know what a powerful and ever-growing force for decent government the Chautauqua audiences in America are. They don't know, for instance, that there is a vast distinction between the Chautauqua circuit and a vaudeville circuit, and that some of the best and most-lasting public opinion in America has been and is being moulded in the Chautauqua auditoriums and tents. Nobody has any criticism for what BRYAN says, you notice; it is the fact that yodlers and Swiss bell-ringers precede or follow him on the platform that prompts the derisive laughter; this, and the fact of his being paid for his lectures. We admit that it jars one to read that the Secretary of State is sharing the centre of the stage with a troupe of Tyrolean mountaineers, but unfortunately this is inevitable. The Chautauqua circuit, like Mr. BRYAN, is a business institution, and it gives its patrons what they want. High-minded as they are, it is the Chautauqua patrons who are to blame for the Secretary's embarrassment. They insist upon being entertained as well as instructed. Hence the yodlers with their alluring li—ee—oo—oo. When Chautauqua audiences no longer seek entertainment as a side-line, Mr. BRYAN may have the platform to himself, but the result would be decidedly less picturesque.



"A SCHOOLMASTER IN POLITICS."
HE EFFECTUALLY SUBDUES THE SCHOOLHOUSE BULLY.



THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.

PRESS LAW.



ARRY THAW may be sane or he may be insane. It depends upon which set of alienists you believe least affected by the commercial spirit. But if he is insane, he has had at least one surprising lucid interval, in which he gave utterance to a truth which has hitherto escaped the greater number of those who have never been officially "under observation." Briefly, he conceived that the legal side of his Canadian case was of secondary importance compared with newspaper publicity.

"With Thaw the subject of publicity is an obsession," wrote the on-the-spot correspondent of *The New York Times*.

Maybe it is; maybe it is n't. But let's see. Thaw must have recalled clearly his own celebrated case. This case, long before it came to court, had been tried in the newspapers. In the headlines Thaw had been acquitted, convicted, sentenced to death, reprieved, electrocuted, resurrected, and sent out on the vaudeville circuits in advance of the district-attorney's opening for the State. By the time the case was in the hands of the jury everybody knew that Thaw was a murderer or a martyr, according to which newspaper they had been reading. The judge's charge was entirely superfluous. The afternoon newspapers had for weeks been charging not only the jury but the judge, the lawyers, the Common Law, and the Revised Statutes. The electric chair was prepared in red ink and dismantled in black. At One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Fifth Street Thaw was walking out of the court-room a free man; but a later edition, just being sold at Forty-Second Street, sounded his

doom. Why should not Mr. Thaw believe in the paramount efficacy of polychromatic inks?

Lynch law is bad, but not very much to be feared. It has no recognized standing. Press law, or, as Mr. Thaw sees it, "publicity," has the sanction of all those persons who want to know what has happened before it has happened—a considerable and growing army of busybodies.

Every important public dispute now gets to the regularly constituted referees second-hand and the worse for wear. It is acknowledged that a judicial decision would have been useful; but as Public Opinion had a previous engagement and could n't wait, the matter had to be decided in a joint conference of headline writers and city editors. The dignity of the courts is a good thing to talk about, but the enterprise of the gentlemen responsible for the eleven P. M. edition (printed soon after the noon hour) furnishes the hot stuff while it is still smoking. Under these circumstances the reasonable thing to do is to let the courts continue to sit in probate cases, adjudge small matters of contract litigation, sentence drunks and disorderlies—and turn the brisk, racy, and spectacular judicial business over to the daily papers.



PUBLIC UTILITY:

WHY NOT MAKE THOSE SASHES WORK?

AN AWFUL FLIGHT.

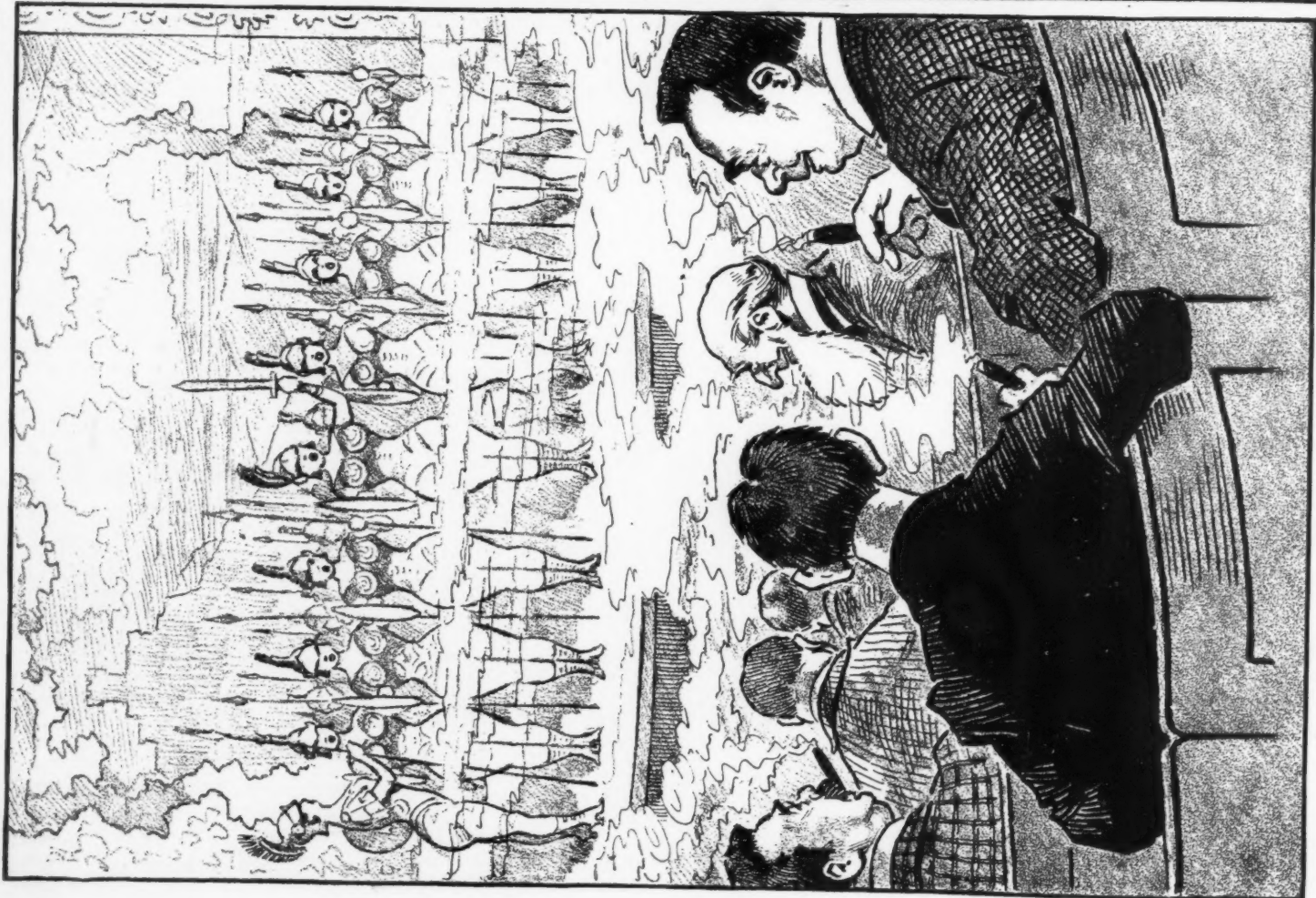
MRS. NEWED.—I am in an awful fix, Mamma.
MRS. EAGLEBEAK.—What is the matter?

MRS. NEWED.—I went through George's pockets last night to hunt for change, as you advised me to, and I found some letters which I gave him to post last week, and now I dare not scold about the letters for fear he'll scold about my going through his pockets.

JUDGING by his feathers, the peacock is certainly a well-trained bird.

A pleasure party without at least one good liar never gets the credit of having a good time.

A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.



Grand Opening Chorus of the Rose Brisket Hot-Stuff Burlesquers.



"Hey! Three cloak-models in them transparent slit skuits 'n' jes' goin' by if yer want to see somethin'!"



DISILLUSIONMENT.

THE HEIFER.—Humph! So THAT's a railroad train!

KATRINA.

A TRIBUTE TO TEUTONIC TASTE.



KATRINA, blithe and buxom maid,
You of my kitchen are the light,
'Mid dishes orderly arrayed,
You reign a queen in glory bright;
And now I may forget at last
The hosts Hibernian of the past.

Neat-handed, of respectful mien,
Of gentle and industrious ways,
Your German sway is calm, serene,
The household joys in peaceful days.
And yet—and kindly be it said—
You will put anise-seed in bread.

Your eyes are blue, your face is fair,
And honest are you as the sun;
And neatly braided is your hair,
And great your sum of labor done.
Yet, true, some discord slight it makes—
Your sticking cloves in griddle-cakes.

You rise before the lark is up;
Modest and simple is your dress;
Inside and outside of the cup
And platter shine with cleanliness.
But oh, Katrina, could you know
Sugar with spinach should not go!

Better than Ethiop, better far
Than all the old Milesian lot,
I hail you as my household star,
And prize the treasure I have got—
I'd hang you o'er with diamond drops,
If you'd refrain from spicing—chops!

OLYMPICALLY SPEAKING.

IT IS good to run a mile in four minutes and a half, because it is good to excel in anything. Through excellence men become gods. But it is better to walk a mile in twenty minutes, in the month of October, and see a thousand wonderful things. Your autumnal pedestrian will not become a god, but he will feel himself wonderfully ample and serene; and perhaps, for the present, that is better. It is not a deplorable thing for a young man to be putting a sixteen-pound shot; but as a regular occupation the saw-horse would give him a fuller and more useful exercise. And if the photographs of sprinters at the end of a hundred-yard dash truly indicate the state of their feelings, possibly something a wee bit like the Spanish Inquisition might be employed to bring out the talent of a country's youth.

There is some talk about the collection of a large fund to prepare the athletes of the British Isles for the next Olympiad. In the field of spectacular sports the British cannot compete with a young,

lusty, and pushful republic, and they do ill to try. The English are a nation of natural, easy exercisers. Visit an Englishman, and almost the first sign of his hospitality will be to invite you to go for a walk. He may have a motor in the garage, but his idea of the highest amenities is to permit you to accompany him while he takes his leg-muscles out for a holiday. To the statically inclined, who cannot conceive of moving four city blocks without the aid of a street-car, this is the very funeral direction of social intercourse.

It is chargeable against our transatlantic cousins that they will desist in the middle of a cricket combat and calmly proceed to drink tea. The opposing sportsmen will even greet each other in friendly manner with the game only half done. If sport, in its full meaning, is beating somebody, then the English idea is really one-lunged and faddling.

The Americans of this generation cannot be beaten at Olympic games, and it is a sheer waste of money to try. The reason is plain. He who competes against America competes against the world. He finds himself running against an American named Maclaren, dashing against an American named Sweeney, throwing the discus against a Papadouloukos, jumping against Jorgensen, bicycling in competition with a Renaud, and fencing against a Weinstein—all excellent Americans. In a country where a young man can achieve a trophy and get his name in the papers and have infants named after him—all before he has mastered the mysteries of eating pie with a fork—there must be a preponderance of winners in all contests where Mind is only an accessory to Matter.



THE OTHER WAY ROUND.

MRS. SOURSPITE.—When I gave you that solemn warning against marrying, I said that some day you would regret it. That time will come, mark my words!

MRS. NEWED.—The time has come.

MRS. SOURSPITE (gleefully).—I thought so! Then you regret your marriage?

MRS. NEWED.—Oh, no! I regret the warning you gave me. It kept me from marrying for nearly a year.

SOME HUSTLER.

STUTTERING OLD GENTLEMAN (entering dentist's office).—I wu-wu-would like to have a tut-tut—

YOUNG DENTIST.—Quite right! (Seizes visitor, shoves him into operating-chair and grabs forceps).—Which is—Ah, I see! Out she comes! (Pulls tooth.) One dollar, please!

OLD GENTLEMAN.—But, cuc-cuc-confound it, sir, I dud-dud—I dud-didn't want a tut-tut-tooth pulled.

DENTIST.—Well, what did you want, then?

OLD GENTLEMAN.—I am Mum-Mum-Miss Brick's fuf-fuf—I'm her father, just retut-tut-returned from abroad. Sh-Sh-She has tut-told me abub-bub-about your pup-proposal of mum-mum-marriage, and I came up to huh-have a tut-tut—a ten minutes' chat with you.

DENTIST (regretfully).—Then I suppose this settles it. I love her, but can hardly expect you to give your consent after—

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Wu-wu-well, I don't know about that. It was pup-pup—it was pup-pretty rough on me. But I gug-gug-guess you'll be able to su-su-support her in gug-good style. You are a hu-hu-hustler. Take her, mum-mum-my boy!



THE LITERARY HABIT.

LITERARY YACHTSMAN (no land in sight).—Now, would you call this tumultuous or stormy?

If the woman who hesitates is lost, she must be in a parlous position when out shopping.

SULZER'S SIN.

SULZER was a "man of the people." The cut of his jib was proletarian or nothing. He was a man you could invite to eat sinkers with you at a Childs restaurant, and feel all right about it. Every man with a pay-envelope under twelve dollars felt that a Sulzer victory was his victory.

In a country where politics is necessarily conducted on a mighty scale, candidates are but symbols. One man stands for Capital, because Capital is his tag. He may be insolvent at the moment. That makes no difference. Another man stands for Labor. He may be a loafer. That makes no difference. Labor is his tag.

Much thinking, particularly in the centres of population, is controlled by newspaper headlines. These, too, are often symbolic. When "Sulzer Flays Tammany" the reader sees neither Sulzer nor Tammany. He sees a laboring man thwacking a fat person representing predatory wealth. When he learns that "Tammany Probes Sulzer" his mind pictures the fat person taking an unfair advantage of a hard-working family man who has refused to render his dollar watch upon demand. Candidates ride to eminence upon

emotions and slogans. Sulzer's election was in response to an emotion. But it was a good one. It was the hope of thousands to improve their condition; to create an ideal and pull themselves up to that ideal. Their symbol was a man with a slouch hat, with the face of a toiler; a man who could enjoy beef-stew or, in a pinch, bean-soup.

Sulzer's sin was not that for which he was

Diogenes's lantern can only be seen on very dark nights, it is difficult to get hysterical about those campaign checks. But Sulzer did an awful thing. When he destroyed himself, he destroyed the symbol.

The Little People fell with their symbol. They are confronted with the mental picture of a hungry and triumphant tiger licking his chops. Their champion is in the mud. They must begin all over again. That is what William Sulzer did, for which there is now no forgiveness.

DARKEST AFRICA.

THE lovers lingered long. At their feet the noble Zambesi hurried onward to the sea. It was in Darkest Africa, but they were not afraid of the dark.

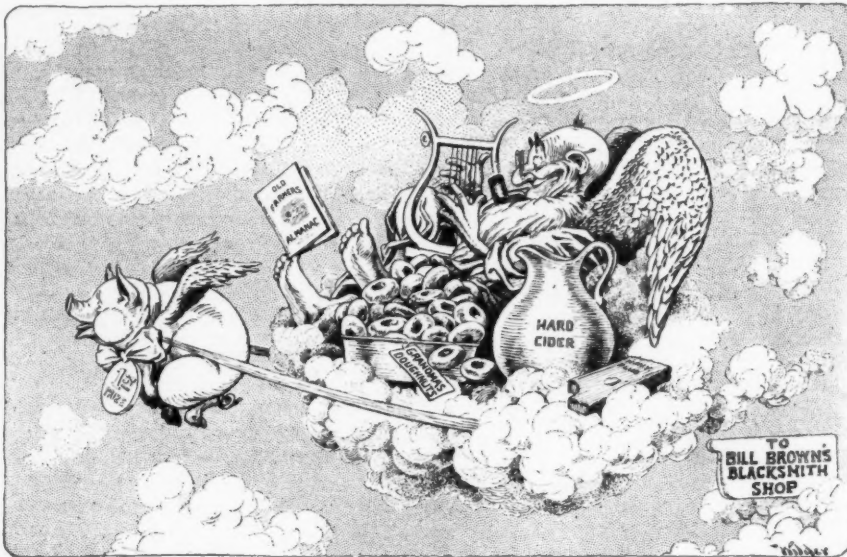
"No," she was cooing, softly but firmly, "I cannot marry you on any other terms. Papa says I'm worth three yoke of oxen and a tame elephant, and I cannot become your wife for any less."

"All I have in the world," he protested wildly, "is one yoke of oxen."

For a moment no sound was heard save the ripple of the water. She first broke silence.

"I think——" Her voice trembled, and her glance was bent shyly upon the ground.

"——Papa is willing to let me be a sister to you for one yoke of oxen." But he only groaned.



BOBBIE'S IDEA OF GRANDPA IN HEAVEN.

impeached. He was unwisely acquisitive, just as he had been unwisely amative. But in a country where everybody wants a motor-car and a country place for week-ends, and where

JUST WHEN HE NEEDED IT.



I.
THE PROFESSOR.—Dear, dear! I'm so nearsighted, I'm always falling over something!



II.
THE PROFESSOR (ten seconds later).—Well, I'm lucky to have brought my umbrella, anyway. It's started to rain!



SOME MEN ARE NATURALLY QUICK AT FIGURES.

AMATEURS.

SHE.

NAY, why so jealous love? I swear
That since I found suspicion slept
Within your heart it was my care
No man should rival you, except
In Amateur Theatricals.

I've never flirted, save with you,
All others at a distance kept;
Others have pressed my hand, 't is true,
But I have ne'er been false, except
In Amateur Theatricals.

No other lips my lips have pressed,
None other's sorrows have I wept,
Unto no other ear confessed
The passion that I bore, except
In Amateur Theatricals.

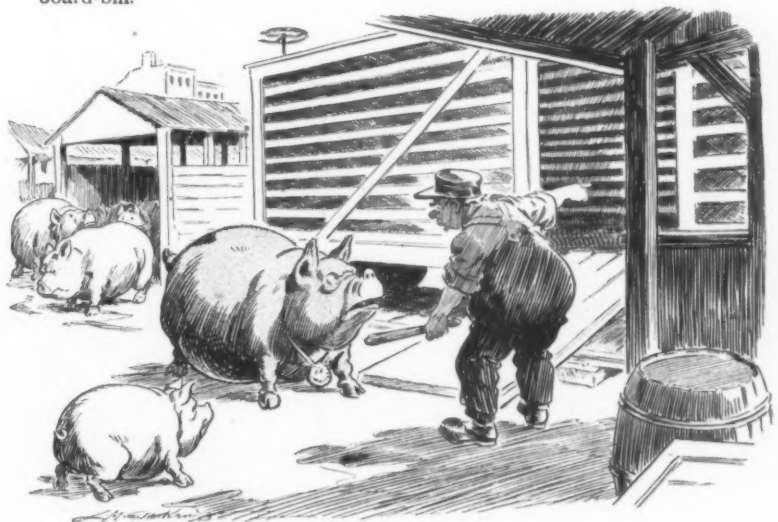
HE.

False one, you've trifled from the first!
All passion from my soul I've swept.
Now I defy you! Do your worst!
I'll never love you more, except
In Amateur Theatricals.



A LEGAL DEFINITION.

PROFESSOR.—William! Define the word Matrimony for the class.
LAW STUDENT.—It is the creation of a life estate in a woman's board-bill.

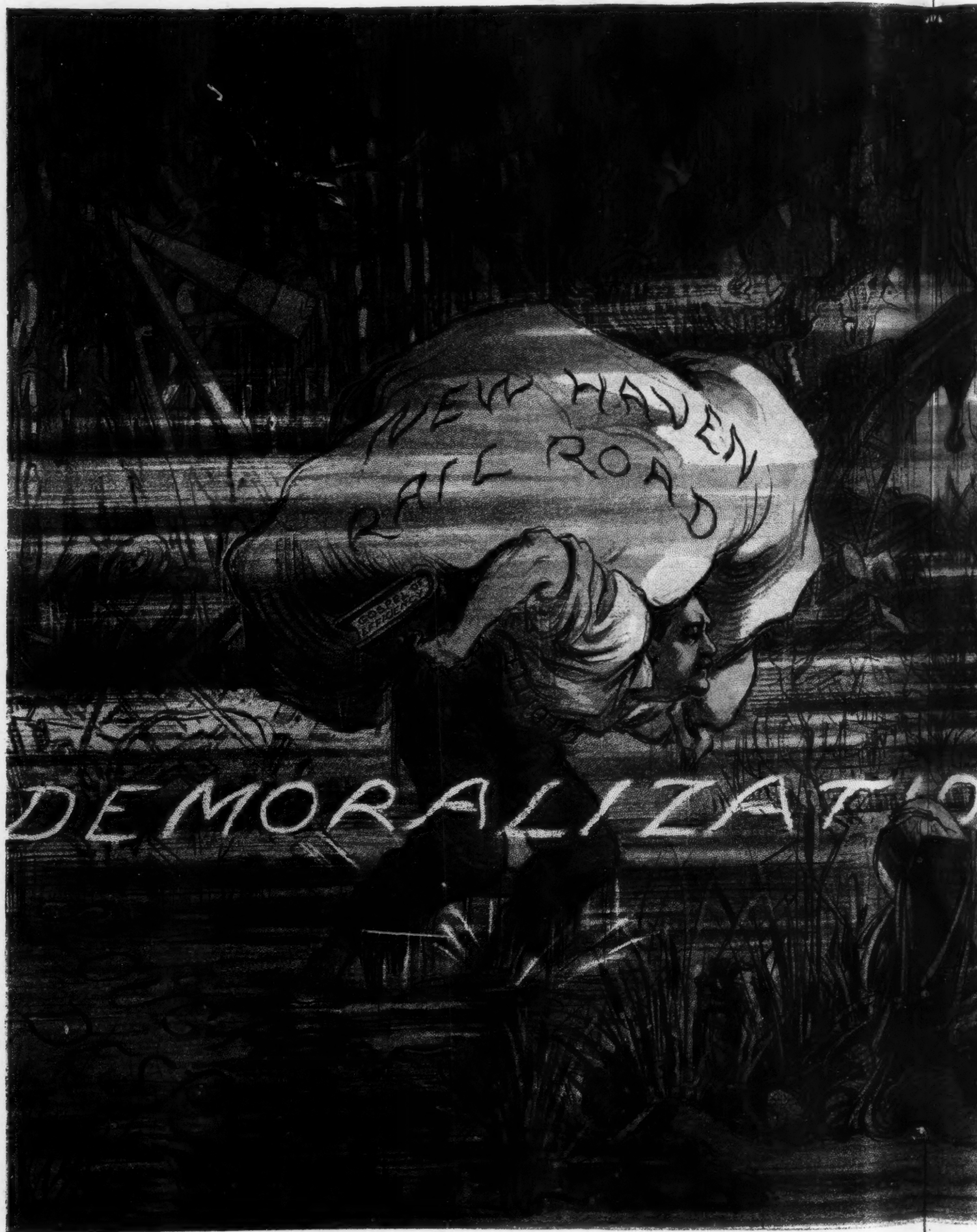


EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

THE HOG.—Not a step! No more wooden death-traps for us! An all-steel car or we don't budge!

THE man who lives in the public eye must sometimes expect to be under the lash.

There would no be so much room at the top if an elevator ran all the way up.



THE PUCK PRESS

PILGRIM ELLIOTT'S



ELLIOTT'S PROGRESS.

THREE OUT OF FOUR IS NOT SO BAD.



From PUCK, January 15, 1913.

"Pretty Polly! Does Polly Want a Cracker?"



"You bet! And Polly hangs on to what he's got, too."

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER

(The Choir-Boy Soliloquizes.)

RIPPING softly down the aisle
With a brave religious air
And a sinful little smile,
Comes the Rector's daughter;
Kneels she in the fam'ly pew,
Bends her pretty head in prayer,
As her father tells her to,
And her mother taught her.

Eyes and hair as black as night,
Cheeks and lips like roses,
Little teeth, all pearly white,
Has the Rector's daughter;
Form as frail as cyclamen,
Tiniest of noses—
Who shall blame the many men
That have vainly sought her?

Sings she with a hundred charms
Holy hymns and olden,
Just as though an angel's arms,
Heaven-sent, had caught her;
Yet these ways of sanctity
One small soul embolden—
For to-day she winked at me,
Did the Rector's daughter!

George Taggart.

HER VOCATION ASSURED.

PATER.—I'm really greatly worried about my second daughter.

READ.—Why so?

PATER.—She seems to care for nothing but reading trash and drivel. She even writes and talks it.

READ.—My boy, she is the born editress of a "Talks With Our Girls" column, or even a "Woman's Page" in any of our leading dailies.

IT is easier to take things philosophically than it is to part with them philosophically.

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

"I don't take your paper, myself," began an irate skinflint, invading the office of the *Hawville Clarion*, "but I'm told that you published a lie about me in the last issue; an' I tell you, right now, that it has got to be stopped, or——"

"And we tell you in return, sir," interrupted the able editor, with dignity, "that it was stopped before it began. Your name was not even mentioned, nor will it be till you plank down the cash for a year's subscription. We'll have you understand, sir, that the *Clarion* will not lie about you nor any other man who is not a paid-up subscriber!"

And the irate old skinflint went out of the door with his tail between his legs, as it were.



A BAD BREAK.

NEW BUTLER (formerly employed in the railroad service).

—Dinner ain now bein' served in de dinin'—
Oh, Golly!

EN ROUTE.

FIRST PASSENGER (in rear car of Elevated train).—I feel that I am catching cold in my head. This car is too warm. Let us try the one ahead.

They try the one ahead.

SECOND PASSENGER.—How do you feel now?

FIRST PASSENGER.—Now the cold has gone to my lungs. This car is too cold. Let us try another.

They try another.

SECOND PASSENGER.—Feel any better?

FIRST PASSENGER.—No. Pneumonia is coming on, with congestive chills. This car is too hot. Carry me into another.

He is carried into another.

SECOND PASSENGER.—How is it now, old fellow?

FIRST PASSENGER.—Worse and worse. Pleurisy has set in, with inflammatory rheumatism. This car is too cold. Try the first one.

The first one is tried.

SECOND PASSENGER.—Rouse yourself, old man! We are nearly at Harlem.

FIRST PASSENGER.—I shall never see dear old Harlem again. See that my grave is kept green. This car is too—too—

LOVE'S RESOURCES.

"Love rules the world," someone has said,
A thought most bright and sunny;
If this be true I'm telling you
Then Love has lots of money.

SLOW TO REALIZE.

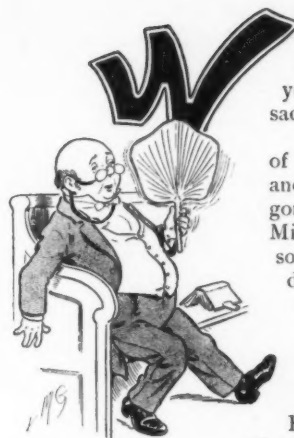
"MY DEAR," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, "I saw in the papers to-day a decision of a Virginia court that the wife may, in some cases, be the head of the family."

"John Henry," replied Mrs. Bickers, "the courts are sometimes very slow in finding out things!"

Bridal parties probably go to Niagara because a little extra gush isn't noticed there.

TEACH A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

MY FIRST AND LAST EXPERIENCE.



"HY, dear me, if it is n't almost three o'clock! I've got to start right off to Sunday-school! I have a class, you know! You'll come along too, won't you, George? You must come! You need it sadly, goodness knows!"

"This was Eva. Eva is sort of a seventh cousin of mine, with a charming home just out of town, and I was week-ending there. Eva's papa has just gone in pretty vehemently on an iron mine up in Michigan; and, you see, I'm nursing Eva along, so to speak, till I see what that mine is going to do. So I said: 'Why, I assure you, nothing could give me greater pleasure!'"

So we went; and I, with the accustomed modesty of my profession (the law), slunk into a back seat, with the intention of quietly twirling my thumbs and otherwise utilizing the time. But hark!—a stealthy tread—the superintendent!

"I am very much in need of another teacher; one of my teachers is away to-day, won't you be good enough to take his place?"

"Well, I should rather say not!" I remarked to my inner self; outwardly I stammered: "Why—thank you, sir—but really—it has been so long since I had such a pleasure—that—really, I fear I could scarcely do the subject justice."

But the superintendent was quite sure, etc., and after about five minutes of this fascinating debate, while what seemed to me about a thousand eyes were feasting upon my glowing features—my temperature having gone from eighty-five to the neighborhood of eight hundred—my charming seventh cousin came swan-like down the aisle, saying:

"Oh, do ask him to take a class! He teaches a class beautifully, only he needs a little urging."

Oh, Sapphira, Sapphira, how the modern nineteen-year-old, brown-eyed Sunday-school teacher can leave you behind when she wants to!

"You just take this lesson-paper and ask the questions—they're all printed there, you see—and they answer them, and that's all!"

I looked toward the door, but two corpulent females stood there in protracted converse. To squeeze between them was impossible. The lowness of the lintel precluded a wild leap over their heads; the windows were closed and caked with cotton ever since the winter. So I walked meekly down the aisle, my heart throbbing with religious emotion, and took my place before my class. There they sat—ten boys of them waiting for the fray. I seized the lesson-paper; there they were, just ten questions, waiting to be asked. With an impressive Sabbatical intonation I began dealing out the ten interrogations from left to right. Regarding the accuracy of the answers, the brevity of my preparation did not permit me to form an authoritative opinion. Regarding their speed there could be no question; and hardly had I begun before I found myself at the last boy and my last question used up. I looked around at the superintendent, to see if he showed signs of closing the office, but he appeared to be right in the midst of business hours and was holding a very cheerful conversation with my aforementioned Sapphirical relative.

I gazed about at the other teachers; they were all deep in the instruction of youth. The time for folding your tents, like the Arabs, had evidently not yet arrived. It was safe to say that I'd got to ask that class some more questions. Bright thought! I'll begin at the other end. So I did, reading out the meagre words as slowly and lingeringly as possible. But there I was again at the last boy! I peered anxiously around. The superintendent was still chatting with enchanting obliviousness; his able corps of assistants was still in the heat and din of the engagement.

"Boys," said I, striving as best I could to conceal my emotion, "how long does this thing last?"

"Till four." I shot an eager glance at the ecclesiastical timepiece over my head; it was seventeen minutes past three.

"My good——," but I checked myself. I was 'way up in front, where everybody could see. I'd got to keep things moving or there'd be no end of scandal. Calling up all the resources of a well-disciplined mind, I speedily hit upon another plan, and asked my ten precious questions all over again, making the boys answer in concert. This got rid of several minutes. It was now twenty-six minutes past three. An awkward pause; a moment of intense thought; then I had them answer, beginning at the last question and backward. Then I had all the boys over twelve years of age recite in turn; then all under twelve. It was now nineteen minutes of four.

Then I began again at the first question, making each boy stand up and face the opposite wall while he answered. Thirteen minutes and twenty-nine seconds of four!

"Boys," said I, beginning to warm to the work, "now stand up and answer these questions again, lifting your right foot off the floor as you do so; now your left foot; now both feet." Six minutes eighteen and nine-tenths seconds of four!

"Boys," said I, mopping my dewy brow, "I will ask you these questions again; and as each one is called up he must first stand on his feet and repeat his answer backward; and then stand on his head and repeat it sideways."

However, I only got as far as the fourth boy when the bell rang and school closed. This happened three months ago; but my physician tells me it will yet be a long time before I can endure any mental strain, and that I must not think of resuming the onerous duties of my profession. I tell you this is pretty hard, when I had such a fine start, with a nice light office and an upholstered swivel-chair, my letter-heads printed, and everything all ready for a case.



The Merger of East and West

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"
—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

In this country, before the days of the telephone, infrequent and indirect communication tended to keep the people of the various sections separated and apart.

The telephone, by making communication quick and direct, has been a great cementing force. It has broken down the barriers of distance. It has made us a homogeneous people.

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MRS. BUGGINS.—Do you darn your husband's socks?
MRS. DASHAWAY.—No, I speak of them a little more profanely than that.
—*Philadelphia Record*.

HOSTESS.—I hope your dog won't go into the kitchen; the fish for baby's dinner is on the table.

CALLER.—I hope not, indeed. He isn't allowed to have fish.—*Punch*.

DIDN'T KNOW HIM BY NAME.

A drill-sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of the rifle. Everything went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at the "ready," and then the sergeant gave the command: "Fire at will!"

Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun.

"Which one is Will?" he asked.—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*.

LISTING IT.

"How did you list the money that fortune-teller got from you?"

"I put it under the head of prophet and lost."—*Baltimore American*.

WILLIE.—Paw, what is a captain of finance?

PAW.—Any salaried man who can live within his income, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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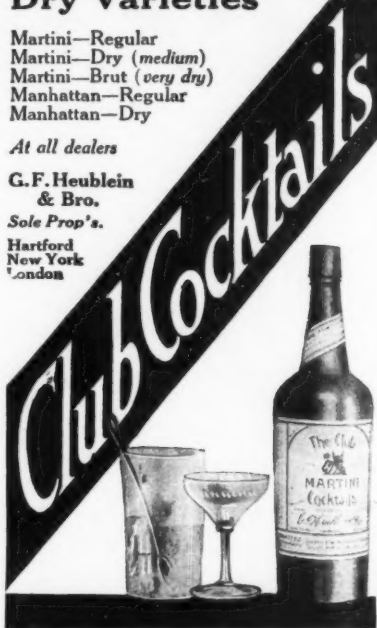
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"Why did they arrest that man?"

"It was discovered that he was supporting two families—keeping up two establishments."

"Oh, are they arresting people for that? I'll have to tell my wife to chase her father out in search of a job."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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"Can I believe my eyes!" exclaimed Mr. Timkins as he confronted the burglar. Mr. Timkins had been sent down in the middle of the night to investigate a strange noise, which proved to be the family silver in process of packing up. The burglar reached for his gun, but Mr. Timkins grabbed the hand instead.

"Don't," he said, giving the hand a cordial shake. "You don't know how much I'm interested in you. Stay awhile. I want you to meet Mrs. Timkins."

"While you're calling a cop! Not on your life!" retorted the burglar.

"No," said Mr. Timkins. "I just want you to stay while I call my wife. She's heard you at work every night for twenty years, and this is the first chance she's ever had to see you."—*New York Evening Post*.

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"By Jove!" said the lecturer, "I'd like to do it, but a reception committee is to meet me at my destination, and I don't want to get in ahead of time." — *Exchange.*

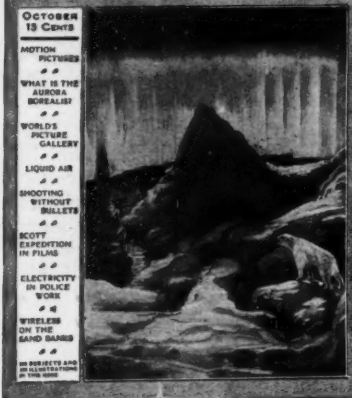
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"I'd give up all for you," he said,
The maid he tried to win;
She, blushing, bowed her maiden head,
And murmured: "Well, begin."

—*Town Topics.*

"WHAT'S the matter, Willie?"
asked his mother as the lad entered
the house weeping.

"The boy across the way hit me,"
he replied.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that,"
she returned. Show that you can be
a little man."

"I ain't crying for that," he retorted.

"Then what are you crying for?"

"He ran into the house before I
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HER LOVER.—No, but I have ten thousand acres of pine timber in Wisconsin.

HER FATHER.—Great! Have a drink, a good cigar, and take the girl!—*New York Evening Post.*

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LADY (who has given beggar a penny).—And did you have any work to do at Christmas time?

THE MAN.—Well, mum, I thort o' doin' a bit o' carol-singing, but I could n't prig a 'ymnbook.—*Punch.*

"How perfectly sweet your costume is, you dear thing."

"It's dear of you to say so."

"Still, it's a bit scanty though, don't you think? You might at least powder your nose!"—*Club Fellow.*



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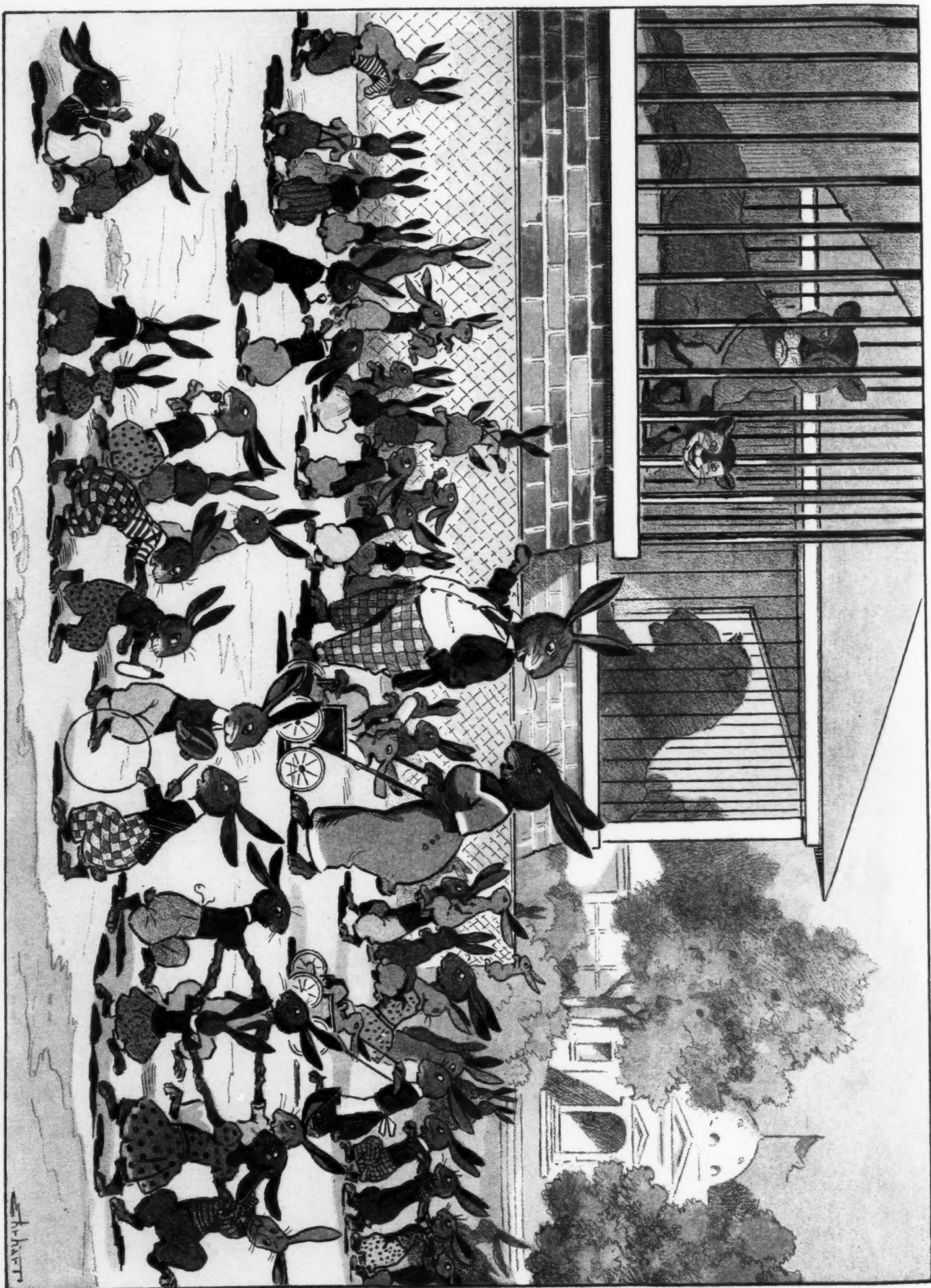
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